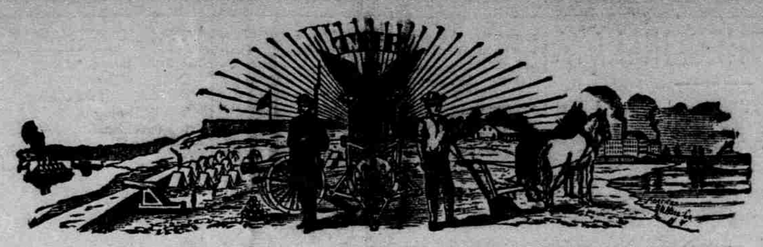
# National Tribune.



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."




ESTABLISHED 1877.—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1884. VOL. IV—NO. 9.—WHOLE NO. 165.

## GEN'L O. O. HOWARD'S

### Personal Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

### SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

### Likeness to Massena's Defense of Genoa.

### BURNSIDE'S FINE CONDUCT

### Longstreet's Swift Rush from Chattanooga.

BY MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A.
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XLIII.

Since my visit to Italy about a month ago my mind has been awakened to a new interest in Napoleon's campaign across the Alps during the Spring of 1800. I am struck with the likeness in general (of course, with a few contrasts) to that of Gen. Grant in Tennessee during the Autumn of 1863.

The siege of Knoxville, where Burnside held the chief command, corresponds to that of Genoa, defended by Napoleon's brave Massena. Massena's vigorous sorties against the different Austrian Generals were emulated at least in number and spirit by the short and sanguine combats which Burnside directed against the different Confederate commanders who were sent against him. From first to last he tried his hand with Generals Buckner, Frazer, Sam Jones and Longstreet; and finally he, like Massena within the extensive works of Genoa, was shut up within the forts and intrenchments which Gen. Poe had happily constructed for the protection of Knoxville.

Napoleon's grand and energetic campaign, which astonished the world, culminated in the celebrated

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

Grant's ended with the triple battle of Chattanooga. Napoleon's forces in fragments came from long distances, concentrated by dint of unusual hardship and exposure at the right time and place, met the Austrians, beat them in the preliminary encounters, and then at Marengo, as we have said, after a frightful, bloody day, gave them such a decisive blow that Italy was speedily relieved from their presence and the campaign closed.

So the different parts of Grant's army were brought together: Hooker, with Slocum's Corps and mine, came hundreds of miles from the East; Thomas with his was already on the spot; Sherman with his scattered forces hastened from the Mississippi, and thus in a remarkably brief period a well organized, spirited, confident body of men stood ready for action before the Confederate's strongest central position, defended by Bragg's hosts, as bold, active and hopeful as our own.

In the preliminary conflicts we, like the army of Italy, were successful; and, after the final struggle at Lookout and Mission Ridge, in which our men attacked positions naturally as strong as any in Italy, Gen. Grant rejoiced in the final victory of Chattanooga, a victory which, like that of Marengo, not only gave him the immediate battle, but extended prompt relief to the besieged at Knoxville, more than a hundred miles away from the decisive battle of the campaign.

The great majority of the people of Genoa looked to France for

DELIVERANCE FROM ABSOLUTISM.

The French army, if successful, would set them free,—would give them a constitutional government. The vigorous Massena appeared among them. The inhabitants received him with great satisfaction. The morning of the 7th of April, 1800, he made a bold movement against the large hosts, three times his strength, that hemmed him in on every side. "Precipitated into the tortuous valleys, the Austrians left in the hands of Massena 1,500 prisoners." When this General in the evening returned to the city of Genoa, having driven the grand army of the enemy beyond the sight of the people and brought in with his victorious troops the numerous prisoners, and among them one who was especially obnoxious, (the Baron of Aspres,) we are told that the joy of the patriotic population was extreme. They met Massena with acclamations. They prepared "brancards" (litters) to carry the wounded, brought stimulants and broths to nourish them, and everywhere contended for the honor of receiving them into their domiciles. And this loyalty was preserved during the long and terrible siege to which Massena's army and the residents of the invested city were subjected. The people, who were reduced to a ration of soup (soupe d'herbe), suffered all the pangs of hunger and the horrors of famine. The streets were strewn with the dying, and mothers, weakened by want, offered to public charity their children, whom they were no longer able to feed. Still, these people went to their graves without criminating Massena; they gave to his great heart continuous and remarkable devotion. Such are some of the pictures which Thiers gives us of the siege of Genoa.

Gen. Grant, as prompt as Napoleon, was more sympathetic than he, and did not, like him, suffer his lieutenant to reach the last extremity and be without succor till the inhabitants were dying in the streets. But notice the feeling of

THE PEOPLE OF KNOXVILLE

and of East Tennessee just before and during that siege. Their loyal conduct should never be forgotten. "The loyal inhabitants of that region received the National troops with open arms as their deliverers; and Union refugees, who had been hiding in the mountains, and Union prisoners from that region who had escaped from the clutches of their captors and had been sheltered in caves and rocks, all ragged and starved, now flocked to their homes and joined in ovations offered to Burnside and his followers at Knoxville and elsewhere." (See Lossing.) In a foot note below the above there are given us other pictures. "Everywhere," wrote an eye witness, "the people flocked to the roadsides, and, with cheers and wildest demonstrations of welcome, saluted the flag of the Republic and the men who had borne it in triumph to the very heart of the Confederacy. Old men wept at the sight, which they had waited for through months of suffering; children, even, hailed with joy the sign of deliverance. Nobly have these persecuted people stood by their faith, and all loyal men will rejoice with them in their rescue at last from the clutch of the destroyer."

"They were so glad to see Union soldiers," wrote another, "that they cooked everything they had and gave it freely, not asking pay, and apparently not thinking of it. Women stood by the roadside with pails of water, and displayed Union flags. The wonder was where all the Stars and Stripes came from."

I have always borne testimony to the same effect. These good people were

TRUE TO THE UNION

when it cost them much to be so. They met us with sympathy and joy. When our soldiers marched thither after the battles near Chattanooga and the pursuit of Bragg as far as Graysville, they were much wearied and their clothing was in bad condition; some had bleeding feet and no shoes. I have seen East Tennessee citizens, meeting such, sit down upon the ground, pull off their shoes, and give them to the destitute soldiers. Comrades will well remember how glad it made us to meet such a warm reception as we did from men, women, and children.

I have referred to the great heart of Massena. For the sake of great results Napoleon allowed him to wait there till starvation compelled him to make terms with the Austrians. From the beginning to the end of that famous siege he displayed the noblest qualities. It is evident that his military judgment was not equal to that of Napoleon, and critics find many flaws in his methods before the siege began and condemn his conduct after he had escaped from Genoa with a remnant—all that were alive—of his army.

BURNSIDE'S CONDUCT.

Let us look at our Burnside. There was always something strange about him, and our criticism has been rife. McClellan thought that with such a heart as he had he would not go far astray. Mr. Lincoln evidently thought so too. After the Fredericksburg defeat he gave place to Gen. Hooker, yet he was not suffered to go into retirement, but was again trusted with an important command, the Department of the Ohio, which it was hoped would reach forward across the Cumberland range of mountains and secure East Tennessee. Burnside was assigned to that Department in March, 1863. Still, somehow, by the curious policy of Gen. Halleck or the War Department, the Ninth Corps, on which Burnside specially relied, was suddenly taken from him and sent to the Mississippi. It was long before it returned. The troops in his Department were few and scattered. He, however, organized them as well as it could be done, and when it appeared above measure necessary to co-operate with the Army of the Cumberland, which was advancing southward on a line farther west, Burnside did not hesitate to take the field, even before the return of his corps. His prompt advance into East Tennessee across a range of mountains; his defeat of the enemy in nearly every engagement; his capture of Frazer's entire force at Cumberland Gap; his occupancy of the East Tennessee valleys, speeding Buckner beyond his limits, and his conduct of the subsequent defense of that region, ending in his success at Knoxville, shows not only loyalty, vigor and enterprise, but good, thoughtful plans and the careful execution of them.

I like very much what a fragment of history says of Burnside. It puts him squarely alongside of Massena: "During the dark days of the siege his bearing towards the citizens and his soldiers—kind, generous and humane—won for him the profound respect of all, even the most rebellious." He visited the families, he cheered the exiles, he distributed confidence and courage to others. These are good things to do when one needs for himself above measure friendship, hope, confidence and superabundant encouragement!

IT WAS A LITTLE REMARKABLE

that Bragg, the Confederate General before Chattanooga, should detach Longstreet from his command and send him to seize Knoxville while Grant's forces were concentrating from different directions in his own front. The old Austrian General, M. de Melas, in front of Napoleon's forces, which were coming together in the great valley of Italy, though slow to comprehend the designs of Napoleon, did not make such a mistake as that. He brought together all the strength he could muster, and in consequence he gave the French a terrible reception at Marengo. They (the French) were finally successful—thanks to Napoleon's gallant young General Desaix, who heard the cannon from afar and marched speedily to the field, just in time to give up his life, but also in time, with his troops and others inspired by his example, to regain a lost field. Doubtless Gen. Bragg counted strongly upon the military position which he held near Chattanooga, deeming it nearly impregnable, and therefore needing but a small army to hold it. Again, possibly, he thought that Longstreet would gain enormous results at little cost.

LONGSTREET'S MOVEMENTS.

After he left Bragg, Longstreet cleared the hundred miles between Chattanooga and the forces of Burnside very quickly. At a station called Philadelphia, on the railroad just south of Loudon, he had a little success. He there assailed Col. Wolford, who had under him a mounted force of about 2,000 men—the 1st, 11th and 12th Ky. Cav. and the 45th Ohio M't'd Inf. Wolford seems to have had his forces divided, but he made a good running fight, retreating toward Loudon. Longstreet captured from Wolford some 300 prisoners, and from other garrisons secured 350 more, before reaching the confluence of the Holston and the Tennessee.

Longstreet, still pushing northward, crossed the Tennessee successfully a few miles below that confluence and threatened the right of Burnside, who had now come with his own Ninth Corps as far as Lenoir Station to meet him and, if possible, dispute his crossing. Now that Longstreet kept pushing beyond his right and had sent his cavalry (Forrest's and Wheeler's combined) up the eastern side of the Holston beyond Burnside's left flank, there was no alternative but to fall back as quickly as practicable, bringing together his guards and garrisons as he retreated, and so increase his force as much as possible before giving battle. Fortunately for Burnside, the garrison of Knoxville, under Gen. W. P. Sanders, a brave and resolute man, was able to resist Forrest and Wheeler and keep the works of Knoxville for his occupancy.

BATTLE AT CAMPBELL'S STATION.

But in the retreat of the main column the Confederates came on so fast that to save his trains and supplies Burnside was compelled to give battle. He did so the 6th of November. The engagement was a severe one and continued into the night. It is named the battle of Campbell's Station. Here it was that Lieut. P. M. Holmes (a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes) was slain. The losses were about equal,—between three and four hundred on each side,—but Longstreet's attacks were all successfully repulsed and the check was sufficient to allow Burnside to get to Knoxville in safety.

DEATH OF GEN. SANDERS.

Longstreet was soon close at hand. He attacked Gen. Sanders, who held a prominent advanced point near the Holston. In that assault Sanders's four regiments—the 112th Ill., 45th Ohio, 3d Mich., and 12th Ky.—suffered a heavy loss, and not a small part of it was the death of their leader. Longstreet gained some advantage here. He established his headquarters at that prominent lookout, not far from Dr. Armstrong's house, and began to draw his lines more and more closely around the protecting works.

Burnside, as I have said, owing to his able Chief of Engineers, Gen. Poe, had a well-planned system of defensive forts and intrenchments. Intense energy was displayed in constructing and putting them in order.

Longstreet on the 25th of November made another attempt to shorten his lines, like that which gave him his first advantage and resulted in the death of Gen. Sanders. Though our men fought hard he, nevertheless, in this combat gained a hill on the left bank of the Holston, which commanded Fort Sanders and considerable ground nearer to Knoxville. From that point the batteries of the enemy had a plunging and raking fire along a part of the Union line, which it was difficult to stand. Gen. Burnside had never anticipated a siege, and had but few provisions on hand when Longstreet completed his investment. The Confederate General had received considerable re-enforcement. At least four different detachments under Gens. Carter, Jackson, Williams, and Sam. Jones had come to him. However, Burnside was yet able to procure some supplies by holding a crossing of the Holston—a pontoon bridge. Every kind of expedient was resorted to to break up that bridge; trees and logs were sent down the river, but Gen. Poe had all such things promptly caught and "boomed" in a proper manner, and the bridge was desperately and successfully defended.

Now, the news of our victory at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge came to both Longstreet and Burnside. It showed the former that what he did he must do quickly; that it was now useless to expect to starve Burnside's people into a surrender, and that his only hope was to make a sudden and a desperate assault upon Burnside's most vulnerable point.

ASSAILING FORT SANDERS.

Longstreet tried a night attack upon Fort Sanders. The night was favorable from its intense darkness, but the fort was bastioned, and its front completely prepared for a thorough defense. Wires were stretched near the ground and abatis used wherever advantageous. The little fort, under command of Gen. Ferrero, was manned with at least 10 pieces of artillery, two regiments of infantry, and part of another. Lieut. Benjamin was the artillery chief, and where could one find a better?

Longstreet succeeded that night in driving in the outer lines and in capturing the advance rifle-pits. About dawn he began again by a brisk cannonade from his several selected positions favorable to his artillery. He organized his attack similar to that of his subordinate commander (Gen. Pickett) at Gettysburg. Three brigades made the assault and two more guarded the flank of the assaulting column. But it did not carry; men were stopt by the abatis, entangled and tripped up by the heavy wires, and mowed down by Benjamin's artillery and Ferrero's infantry. Some reached the ditch. One Confederate officer (Col. McElroy) gained the parapet with his flag only to be slain. Pollard, the Confederate historian, says: "In comparatively an instant of time we lost 700 men in killed, wounded and prisoners." The fort could not be taken. Longstreet's brigades were successfully resisted and their remnants drew off.

When this assault occurred Gen. Sherman was pressing forward in three columns as fast as he could to the help of Burnside. Four days later his cavalry was at Knoxville.

A single paragraph from a former account which I have penned will give a view of the part my command played in this campaign:

"With a few wagons, hardly any tents (just enough for the scribes,) no bridge trains, scarcely any rations, wearied with three days' fighting and two days' vigorous pursuit [of Bragg], my corps never grumbled. We marched to Louisville, within one day's march of Knoxville, the troops resting a day while several of our officers, myself included, accompanied Sherman to congratulate Burnside that Longstreet had failed in his assault, and been quickened in his steps Virginia-ward by our near approach." In this campaign Burnside displayed the grand qualities of Massena, and, owing to the Napoleonic promptitude of Grant, was able to close out the siege of the city committed to his defense without Massena's chagrin.

[*To be continued.*]

### ENDYMION.

[*By H. W. Longfellow.*]

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

### MONEY.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.
—*Longfellow.*

### THE BEST MEDICINE.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the Doctor's nose.
—*Longfellow.*

## SAVING THE NATION.

### The Slaughter Among the Cedars on Stone's River.

### CRUSHING McCOOK.

### Every Body Unready on the Right Flank.

### BATTERIES UNHORSED.

### Brigade Commanders Away From Their Commands.

BY "CARLETON."
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XLV.

*To the Boys and Girls of the United States:*

Out from the cedar groves streamed a mass of men,—soldiers, teamsters, negroes,—all in confusion, moving north towards the Nashville turnpike. It was the first information that Gen. Rosecrans received that the Right Wing had been routed.

Before 8 o'clock an aid from Gen. McCook had informed him that the Right Wing was hard pressed and needed assistance, but McCook had not informed him that Willich's Brigade had been routed and that officer captured; that the whole of Davis's Division had been driven in, and that the Right Wing had crumbled to pieces. It was hardly 9 o'clock, and defeat stared Rosecrans in the face.

THE SITUATION.

At that moment Van Cleve's Division of Crittenden's command was forming in line of battle east of the river, and Wood's Division was marching down to the river bank to join Van Cleve. On the right the whole of Davis's Division had been driven, and Hardee, with his victorious divisions of McCown and Cleburne, with the cavalry, were sweeping all before them. In the center Polk's cannon were thundering upon Sheridan, and Cheatham was hurling his brigades upon Carlin and Woodruff.

"There is always room for a man of force and he makes for many," said the great thinker, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Union commander is such a man. That stream of men, the thunder of the cannonade growing each moment nearer, unfolds more than any aid from McCook can tell him that he is being defeated. All his plans are upset. It is genius which can change defeat to victory. These are his orders in quick succession:

"Gen. Thomas will order Gen. Rousseau to support Sheridan.

"Gen. Crittenden will hasten Van Cleve across the river to the right of Rousseau.

"Gen. Wood will dispatch Harker's Brigade down the turnpike and form on the right of Van Cleve. The other brigades of his division will remain in reserve.

"The Pioneer Brigade will stand in reserve on a knoll in rear of Palmer's Brigade."

Fifteen minutes, and Rosecrans's line of battle undergoes a great change. Rousseau crosses the railroad and the turnpike upon the double-quick. "In this field the battle is to be fought," he says as he forms his line facing west.

Van Cleve's men rush down to the river, wade the stream, gain the western bank, advance and form along the railroad and turnpike. The troops which a few moments ago formed Rosecrans's Left Wing now become his Right Wing.

ATTACK ON SHERIDAN.

The position of Cheatham's Division in the Confederate line, brought Vaughn's Brigade upon Gen. Sill's Brigade of Sheridan's Division. In Vaughn's are the 12th, 13th, 29th, 47th and 154th Tenn., 9th Texas, and a battalion of sharpshooters. In Sill's Brigade are the 36th, 28th and 88th Ill., 24th Wis., 21st Mich., and 4th Ind. battery, Capt. Bush.

Gen. Sheridan sees the impending storm, and places the 15th Mo. and 44th Ill. of Shaefer's Brigade in position to support Sill.

With firm and steady steps the Tennesseans advanced from the woods east of Widow Smith's house. Loomis's Brigade is on the left of Vaughn, folding around the right flank of Woodruff's Brigade; but Woodruff, under orders of Gen. Davis, falls back, so hard-pressed that Carpenter loses one of his cannon and his own life while defending it.

The 24th Wis. is exposed and falls back, but up into the line rush the 15th Mo. and the 44th Ill., firing a volley which holds the Confederates in check.

Up and down the line rides the fearless commander of the brigade (Gen. Sill), encouraging the men, watching every movement of the enemy; but a bullet strikes him in the face, passes into the brain, and he falls dead upon the ground. Col. Grensel takes his place and the battle goes on. Fearfully it rages round the 36th Ill., but the men from the prairies stand their ground till 230 of their number are killed and wounded, Maj. Miller, commanding, among the number.

CARLIN'S RETREAT.

Woodruff has given way on Sill's right, and Carlin, still farther to the right, stands alone; but he can stay there no longer. Cleburne and McCown are so far in his rear that he is in danger of being cut off. In order, by left flank, his brigade retires.

Loomis's (Confederate) Brigade with exultant shouts passes on, but suddenly the hill on which Sheridan has posted Houghtaling's and Hescock's guns flames, and a storm of shells bursts upon them, sending them into the cedars.

Sheridan now holds the right of what at the beginning was the Union line.

A second Confederate brigade comes to the assistance of Vaughn—Maningault's of Withers's Division. It advances across a cottonfield in admirable line. Bush's cannon open with canister, while Hescock and Houghtaling, training their pieces upon the advancing line, send their shells over the heads of Sheridan's infantry.

Men dropped, but the lines closed and moved on with a steadiness and bravery which won the admiration of the Union men. The line of advance brought them just within reach of the 88th Ill., which fired a volley that made terrible slaughter. The line came to a standstill. The Union line with a cheer advanced and the Confederates fled back to the woods, leaving the cotton-field thickly strewn with those who had fallen.

Sill's front line has fired away all its ammunition, and he orders the regiments to the rear.

ROBERTS'S ATTACK.

Nearly all the fighting has been in the cedar woods, but the ground occupied by Roberts's Brigade of Sheridan's Division is in the open, along a road leading from the house of Mr. Harding to the Wilkinson pike.

It is hard for the brave man who spiked the guns of the Confederate batteries at Island No. 10 to see the Right Wing crumbling piecemeal. He asks permission of Sheridan to charge bayonets. He has great faith in his men—the 22d, 27th, 42d, and 51st Ill.

"Yes, give them the bayonet," is the response of Sheridan.

The 88th Ill. and 21st Mich. are in his way, behind a fence.

"Throw down the fence and let me pass over you."

The fence tumbles to the ground.

"Don't fire a shot. Drive them with the bayonet."

Gen. Roberts rides along the line swinging his cap. The air is thick with bullets aimed at him, but he heeds them not.

"Charge!" His voice rings out clear and distinct. With a hurrah the line of glittering steel sweeps on. The momentum of such a body of men is terrible. The Confederates know it and feel it. They fire a volley, but it does not check the advancing wave. In vain the efforts of the officers to steady the wavering Confederate line. Before the wave reaches them the Confederates flee across the fields to the shelter of the woods.

The Confederates have been driven, but Sheridan cannot hold his ground. Cleburne and McCown are so far round that he must choose a new position. There is no panic in his ranks. The regiments fall back into the new alignment as steadily as on parade. Hescock and Houghtaling and Bush with their batteries are placed in new positions.

Wood's (Confederate) Brigade advances, but is hurled back, and for a while all is silent along the line.

CHEATHAM'S ADVANCE.

Gen. Cheatham has discovered that the men in front of him have the quality of staying; that to drive them he must attack with an overwhelming force. He masses his artillery, planting a battery of Napoleon guns by the brick-kiln south of Mr. Harding's house. The Union batteries reply. The artillery fire on the part of Cheatham is the prelude to a grand movement of Maningault's, Vaughn's, Maney's and Wood's Brigades, which advance through a dense cedar thicket to be smitten with canister from double-shotted cannon and by a fearful volley from Roberts's men. The Illinoisans hold their ground so stubbornly and the artillery fire is so destructive that the Confederates recoil. It is reported that Gen. Cheatham's curses were loud and deep when he saw the troops fall back. He called up Anderson's Brigade of Mississippians, and with this re-enforcement again urged on the men to be foiled again.

"The ground must be held," shouted Sheridan, riding along the lines. The troops responded with a cheer. Sheridan rode to Gen. Thomas and asked for help, but Thomas could not take a regiment from his own line without endangering it, as we shall see. Sheridan has fired away all his ammunition. Aids are riding over the field in the rear in search of the supply train, but cannot find it. Houghtaling and Hescock have fired nearly their last round. Since the beginning of the battle Houghtaling alone has fired nearly 1,100 rounds. Most of his horses have been shot. Sheridan knows that a critical moment is at hand, for he sees Cheatham preparing to strike another blow. Through the thicket they come once more, charging upon Houghtaling's battery, which can make no reply. The pieces which have been so eloquent for the Union are dumb. Houghtaling cannot make them speak at this critical moment—cannot even take them away, for his horses are all mangled and helpless.

Roberts sees that he must fall back. "Rally along the turnpike," is shouted to the men. "Give us ammunition," is the cry as the troops fall back, followed by the Confederates.

Back beyond the turnpike moves the line. Conspicuous above all other men is the commander of the brigade, riding through the storm, giving his orders as upon parade. Suddenly he reels and falls from his horse. Three bullets have struck him at once.

"Boys, put me on my horse again."

The soldiers raise him in their arms, but the brave heart ceases its beating.

The Confederates are close upon them. They cannot carry the body to the rear. They lay it beneath a tree, cover it quickly with brush, and leave it on the field, trusting that it may escape the notice of the Confederates, who strip the clothes from the Union dead.

The fight over Houghtaling's guns is terrible. Houghtaling is borne from the field wounded. Lieut. Talliaferro is instantly killed. Nearly one-half of the 22d and 42d and 27th Ill. are killed and wounded. The gunners, unable to work their beloved pieces, use their small-arms and swords, until 25 are killed, wounded and captured. All in vain. The advancing host outnumber them, and with exultant yells seize the cannon.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

We have been seeing thus far what part the Right Wing took in the battle up to 11 o'clock. Johnson's and Davis's Divisions have been doubled back by a superior flanking force; Sheridan's has stood immovable till out of ammunition and till nearly surrounded. We are not to think that there is silence everywhere else.

Let us go to the rear and survey the scene. It was past 8 o'clock when the fugitives from Johnson's Division, streaming across the Nashville pike, revealed to Rosecrans the disaster that had come to McCook. We have seen Thomas sending Rousseau's Division to form a line along the Nashville pike, with Van Cleve's Division forming beyond it, thus making a line of battle almost perpendicular to the line as it was when the battle began. Then the troops faced mostly southeast. Negley's Division still faces in that direction, while Rousseau, Van Cleve, and Wood face northwest. Towards this new line the drift of the Right Wing is setting.

Following, now, the wake of the advancing Confederates we see that McCown and Cleburne have made a long march. At daylight they faced west. Their movement has been a half-wheel—facing northeast and now south. When they started, McCown was on the extreme left, but he halted to supply his men with ammunition, and Cleburne swung out upon the left, thus exchanging places.

The Confederate cavalry charged upon the wagon-trains on the Nashville pike. Some of the teamsters fled to the woods, others stood transfixed with astonishment. The squadron of cavalry guarding the train surrendered, and the Confederates turned the train away.

Down the pike went the men of Fyffe's Brigade of Van Cleve's Division, the 7th Ind. battery horses upon the gallop. Capt. Swallow, commanding it, wheeled into position and sent his shells into the Confederate battalions. The 4th U. S. Cav. was Gen. Rosecrans's escort, but Gen. Rosecrans was everywhere over the field, and the escort, under Capt. Otis, charged upon the Confederates, putting them to flight and recapturing the train.

THE CENTER.

Gen. Negley's Division was the only one left in the line of the morning. The tide which had been surging against Sheridan had also been drifting against Stanley's, Miller's and Cruft's Brigades. When Cheatman and Withers made their final and successful advance upon Roberts, Stanley's Brigade took part, doing great damage to Stewart's (Confederate) Brigade. When Sheridan fell back Polk arranged his line to fall upon Negley by wheeling Stewart and Anderson to strike Stanley in flank, sending Cheatham with Vaughn's, Maney's and Maningault's Brigades to gain the rear of Negley. The shock fell upon the 18th Ohio, 11th Mich. and 19th Ill. The regiments had expended nearly all their ammunition, but they stood resolutely till they saw the Confederates closing around them and then, to save themselves, feel back.

It is no evidence of cowardice for a regiment to retreat, for a retreat is at times the highest possible generalship. From the first giving way of the line it was wisdom for the brigades to do what they did—fight stubbornly and retreat when the ground was no longer tenable.

Miller's Brigade resisted till its ammunition was gone and till the movement of the Confederates at his rear endangered him. So Negley's Brigades one after another were folded back.

SAVING THE GUNS.

It was nine o'clock when Chalmers's Division advanced upon Cruft's Brigade of Palmer's Division stationed West of the Nashville pike, and to the left of Negley's. Cruft's skirmishers fell back contesting every inch of ground. On came the Confederates with exultant shouts, but the advancing line came to a standstill before the volleys of the 1st and 2d Ky., the 31st Ind. and 19th Ohio. Every effort of the Confederates to drive them was foiled till the troops on the right retired.

Very effective was the fire of Standardt's guns, Battery B, 1st Ohio, who had but three rounds to each piece left when the brigade, to save itself from capture, was obliged to retire. The battery horses were nearly all disabled.

"Save the guns!" The cry came from the 2d Ky. and 19th Ohio, who seized hold of the cannons and amid a storm of bullets dragged them to the rear.

It is 11 o'clock. The battle has raged since daylight. The Union line has been swung back as you would swing a door. The hinge is Palmer's Division, standing on the line of the morning.

The Confederate army has made a wide and clean sweep, driving brigade after brigade.

There is exultation in Bragg's ranks. Already more than 20 Union cannon have been taken, and nearly 2,000 prisoners. Before night settles down he will win a great victory, scatter the Union army to the winds. Then he will march triumphantly and without resistance to the banks of the Ohio.

[*To be continued.*]

### OVER THE HILL TO THE POORHOUSE.

[*By Will Carleton.*]

Over the hill to the poorhouse I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poorhouse—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame?
'True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had a half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em Summer and Winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange another thing: when our boys an' girls had grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, and never to cringe or fall,—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' had not a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her,—I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carrying things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done,
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was down on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lived out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me and wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—my childr'n dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

## VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

### Settling Down to Regular Siege Operations.

### INTELLIGENT ENGINEERS.

### Learning All About Saps and Mines, Fascines and Gabions.

### JOHNSTON'S DIVERSION.

### Sherman Leaves Vicksburg to Chase Him Away.

BY FRANK H. MASON AND JNO. W. FRY, 42D OHIO.

VI.

Although the losses of the National Army in the assault of the 22d of May had been fully 3,000 men; though the ground between the hostile lines was left strewn with Union dead festering in the sun, the troops were neither dismayed nor discouraged. They had come up to take the citadel that obstructed the freedom of the Mississippi, and if men enough could live to do it, they, like their commander, were ready to work and fight until the grand purpose was accomplished. Bringing away their wounded on the night of the 22d, the three corps settled down in that torrid climate, without adequate water or any comfort beyond the barest necessities of existence, to a siege which lasted 47 days. Ground was cleared for camps as near the front as tenable locations could be found; dwellings were dug in the hillsides and roofed with cane, and every precaution taken to promote, as far as possible, the health and comfort of the men. The siege began on the 23d. Batteries were pushed forward to favorable positions at points within close range of the enemy's line, and protected by heavy earthworks thrown up in the night; trenches and covered ways were cut, connecting the batteries with the ravines. The extraordinary ruggedness of the ground, which had been such an obstruction to the assault, now proved of great advantage to the besiegers. In front of nearly every division was a natural covered approach, through some defile, to within three or four hundred yards of the enemy's line; in some cases these distances were less than 100 yards.

At these advanced points the sap began, and the first and second parallels, incident to ordinary sieges, being thus rendered unnecessary, were omitted. There was a serious lack of experienced engineer officers to conduct the siege operations. Gens. Sherman and McPherson were themselves educated engineers, and kept an intelligent supervision of their own operations; but McClernand knew nothing of such work, and the trenches of his right wing were in charge of a Lieutenant of Engineers, a graduate of the class of 1861, at West Point, and those of his left wing were managed by Private Frank H. Mason, of Co. A, 42d Ohio, who had studied "Mahan" and the work of McPherson's engineers as the siege progressed. He was promoted during the siege, by the Secretary of War, to the rank of Captain and A. D. C. (I speak of the above fact without the knowledge of Comrade Mason, whose name appears in connection with this series of articles.—J. W. Fry.) Col. Harry Wilson, of Gen. Grant's staff, maintained an informal oversight over the operations in front of the Thirteenth Corps, and saved the novices there from making any serious mistakes; but, from want of experienced direction at the start, many a useless shovelful of earth was thrown, and the excellent ground in front of Hovey's Division was not utilized until the latter part of the siege. But, with all the difficulties, progress was rapid and substantial. The wonderful ingenuity and adaptability of that army of mechanics, farmers, tradesmen, and students shone out conspicuously from first to last. Men who had never heard of a gabion or fascine, were taught in an hour to make them acceptably of cane and grape-vines. Admiral Porter lent Gen. Grant a heavy battery from the fleet, and volunteers, who had never trod a deck in their lives, hauled them up, put the mysterious navy carriages together, mounted and manned the guns with consummate skill.

Sap-rollers were made by fastening two barrels, head to head, and wrapping them with the cane that grew plentifully in the ravines. The trenches were revetted with cotton bales, with empty bread and flour barrels, or when better work was required with gabions and fascines made in the manner already described. A heavy parallel trench, or rifle-pit, was cut along the front, in many cases within 50 yards of the hostile salients. These trenches were wide and spacious, with banquettes for riflemen, who ingeniously protected their heads with sand bags, or by laying heavy green logs, notched on the underside, along the parapets. These advanced trenches were occupied during the day by sharpshooters, who stood with their rifles pushed out through the loop-holes, ready to "paralyze" any head that had the audacity or effrontery to obtrude itself above the enemy's ramparts. Batteries were advanced and shifted from point to point, as closer observation suggested; the field guns were brought up so close that they could fire through the embrasures of the hostile line, and, in fact, forced the enemy to withdraw his heavy guns to save them from destruction.

EIGHTY-NINE EARTHWORKS

in all were built during the siege for the protection of Grant's artillery, which, on June 5, numbered 228 guns. The ingenuity displayed in protecting these guns in advanced positions from the rebel sharpshooters was one of the many curious incidents of the siege. The trenches advanced rapidly, the work being done mainly at night. It soon became a matter of extreme difficulty and risk to secure ground upon which the zigzag approaches could advance. In some places this was done behind the sap-rollers, but work by that method was necessarily slow, from the fact that but a limited number of men could be employed.

The plan that suited the ardent volunteer best was to push forward the picket-line at sunset, secure ground enough to work upon during the night, and then boldly dig the trench from the top downward. This method was exclusively practiced in front of the Thirteenth Corps.

The rebels had from the first thrown out a strong picket-line at night, to hold the besiegers as far back as possible and prevent night assaults. Soon the two picket-lines came to-